The Commonweal

October 22, 1948

Psychiatry & Its Assumptions

Karl Stern

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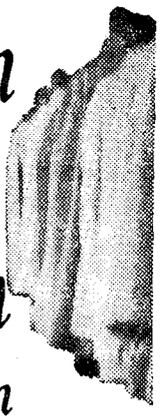

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Fools Heart

BRAZIL has gone on record that all men are born in the image and likeness of God. Great Britain and China have gone on record that no men are. Or, that if they are, this is no reason for human equality. China and Great Britain concurred with Russia in agreeing that to say man is born in the image and likeness of God shows "social backwardness." Great Britain and China agreed with Russia that all men are born "equal in rights and dignity." A more lamentably and demonstrably ridiculous proposition was never made, and it is extraordinary that England, which has produced such good scientists, and China, which was the cradle of so much fine philosophy, should applaud so preposterously untrue a statement. The moron, the cretin, those who are blind and insane, even those with minor congenital defects, even the hare-lipped, club or webbed footed, are hardly the equals of common or garden man. Sometime, in a billion light years, Englishmen, Chinamen and Russians may be born politically or economically equal, to each other or even amongst themselves: they never have been to date, and are not today. There is no equality of dignity between the forthcoming child of Princess Elizabeth and the fifteenth child of a Welsh miner; nor between any two-headed monstrosity in a circus and the well-fed Russian consular children photographed going home. There is no physical or intellectual equality of, or at, birth, anywhere, ever, nor ever has been nor is likely to be. There is, as yet, almost no economic equality of dignity or opportunity, and precious little political equality. Perhaps, someday, there may be more. Let us pray and work for it. But meantime there is, yesterday, today, and there will be tomorrow, in birth, through life, to death, a total equality at what, from now on, will doubtless have to be called the Brazilian level.

If UN acts on the Russian objection to the Brazilian proposition, it has, before coming to the first item on the agenda of the human rights committee, thrown out the baby with the bath. It has jettisoned the only possible basis for any human rights. In mid-nineteenth century, S. Baring-Gould warned that when his bishop came, he had best remove the altar cross, meet him at the church door with full surpliced choir lustily singing "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, with the cross of Jesus, left behind the door." The UN is doing fairer than that. And we can only say bravo, bravissimo, to Brazil, for her splendid social backwardness, which we, and Thomas Jefferson (and a few other people) are very proud to share. For, very literally, in this, as in every case (ask any geneticist, biologist, psychologist, sociologist, or any other *ist* you can dream up) it is the fool who has said in his heart, there is no God.

Something to Face Now

AMONG THE many turns of phrase of which John L. Lewis delivered himself before his well-in-hand delegates to the 40th convention of the United Mine Workers, in Cincinnati, was this: "If we are going to starve we'll all starve together." Strange words for continuing boom times. But Mr. Lewis was telling how the UMW would "move in" when the soft coal operators were unable to regularize production in the face of shrinking demand which seems to be at hand. By deciding to work only three days a week, presumably under the "willing and able" clause in their contract, the unionized miners would keep the industry on even keel, you see. Mr. Lewis plans to restore the 35-hour week anyway in the 1949 soft coal contract, but fears that this won't be enough for all his members to share the available work. Increasing elimination of marginal coal producers under restored competitive conditions reminds him that our bituminous productive capacity ordinarily outstrips domestic requirements.

Similar word is beginning to filter in from the nation's shoe industry—from New England, New

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York's upstate and the Middle West. The impetus here is said to be a nationwide buyer's strike over high shoe prices, but a parallel situation emerges. As Charles F. Johnson, Jr., of Endicott-Johnson put it, "When the industry is running on a full-time basis it is producing 25 percent more shoes than are needed." Here, then, are some of the first signs that we shall soon again be face to face with the familiarly paralyzing situation, put off for some years by the war, of being able to produce so much more than we can dispose of.

It is a reasonable assumption that the domestic need for soft coal is not indefinitely expandable. During the very period in which demand has slackened, in fact, coal-consuming facilities for producing electric power have been steadily increasing. Coal is produced in many areas in the world and there seems little likelihood of expanding American exports of the commodity sufficiently. Probably Mr. Lewis is right in predicting less work for his miners. In the event of a new 35-hour week, and then a 3-day week, is there anything the miners can do to increase their yearly income? One clue comes from Granger, Iowa, where a chronic half-time situation in the local coal mines led Msgr. Ligutti to organize the Granger Homesteads on which these miners now produce in their plentiful off-hours a large part of the family provender. If less than full operation is to be the fate of the American coal-mining industry year in year out, should not the UMW give some thought to feasible additional sources of income for its docile members. Or is the cost of coal (which enters into the cost of so many commodities and services) to become absolutely prohibitive because the miners get full pay for a half week's work?

Shoes are on another footing. It is obvious that there are millions of Americans who are ill-shod and that this need could be multiplied many times in foreign lands. The demand is there but not the purchasing power to make it effective. Shoe factories should be running to capacity. If Congress finally gets round to enacting new minimum wage rates consonant with existing living costs, that might help for a starter. Then more should be done to explore the means of distributing domestic surpluses—possibly along the line of blue and orange food stamp plans. There should also be special studies of areas in the South where hookworm illnesses are prevalent. Finally, by reciprocal trade agreements and other international devices, some footwear could be shipped to the people who are badly in need of them. The supply is not anywhere up to the demand.

This is no new problem. It is one to be attacked anew while the tremendous demand occasioned by the war and its aftermath constrains the problem of surpluses to manageable proportions. Speaking from the strictly economic viewpoint the United States must find a viable substitute for the demands of war.

The Waltz in Teletype-Time

SITTING DOWN by the teletype keyboard last week, Mr. Truman, under sheer inspiration, turned out an international ditty catchy enough to move the Missouri Waltz well down the list among his hit renditions. Hearing in Paris Mr. Truman's improvisations, Secretary Marshall winced at the discord and hoped he would hear no more of this proposal to by-pass the United Nations by sending Chief Justice Vinson off to Moscow. But in no time at all the whole world had heard Mr. Truman's tune, and it required a wholesale apology to salvage our bi-partisan foreign policy—a policy patiently worked out by both major parties and now so nearly sabotaged by this amateurish episode.

The incident established in most minds what has been no secret: Mr. Truman is something less than a master diplomat. But much more revealing is the light that this affair throws on our bi-partisan foreign policy. This policy endeavors to drop party differences "at the water's edge," as the phrase-makers put it, and to present a calm and composed American face at the conference tables in Paris and elsewhere. To the credit of Congressional internationalists, bi-partisan approach is an intelligent and necessary attitude if the United States is to speak with the one mind of its majority, and not as a schizophrenic enigma. For weeks bi-partisan policy has insisted that we shall not negotiate with Russia over Berlin until the blockade is lifted; whatever about Mr. Truman's "continuing great desire to see peace" and his naive hope that Mr. Vinson might return from Moscow with something more than a piece of paper, our policy had presumably been set and we were to stick to it as the best method, by common agreement, to deal realistically with Russia.

Apparently without consulting any Republican at all—Dewey, Dulles or Vandenberg—Mr. Truman rushed in excitedly, proposed an about-face, and hoped to deal with Russia on an independent level. That, of course, would have been his privilege, since no law binds him to bi-partisan action. The Truman-Marshall endorsement of the Bernadotte Plan was unilateral action, outside bi-partisan consideration.

What we have, then, is a foreign policy of bi-partisan decision on some matters and unilateral decision on others, at the discretion of the President. Obviously this policy hangs together only through mutual courtesy, and if it was Mr. Truman's intention even to *contemplate* making a decision of such proportions without judicious consultation with the opposition party, then we need

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more courtesy before our "water's edge" policy submerges in a partisan mid-ocean. And on an issue as explosive as Palestine, there is no sufficient reason for arriving at a decision on anything less than bi-partisan agreement.

For years there has been one standard criticism of US diplomacy: its foreign policy is not consistent. If ever consistency was a virtue, now is the time for it; our bi-partisan foreign policy is a commendable effort to be consistent, as far as it goes, but if Mr. Truman can recklessly mark out a different tune whenever he has an inspiration, it becomes starkly apparent that so far, bi-partisanship is an infant policy born of good intentions, but as yet weak in expert and adroit execution. Something more than mutual courtesy and Congressional committees and good-will is required; to set a truly bi-partisan policy only a truly bi-partisan administrative technique of consultation can put consistency in our international policy and a straight face on our diplomats.

Ohio Acres One Year Later

WHAT can be adduced from the results of the well-staged mass transformation of worn-out land tracts which is becoming increasingly familiar in various sections of this country? The first anniversary of the remodeling job on John Rodman's 128-acre farm in southern Ohio supplies a few answers. First, there is the extent of the task. What 600 proficient volunteers equipped with all manner of machinery accomplished in one ten-hour day last October on his hilly eroded acreage would have taken the owner by himself from four to six years. Then there is the extent of the changes that were made: the terracing of hillsides, digging of a half-acre pond, planting of 15,000 trees, the alternation of strips of grass and grains, fertilization of cropland and pasture and so forth. Mr. Rodman has already been offered double what he paid for his farm on returning from the war (and is hanging onto it) while the Soil Conservation Service itself allows that the farm may have increased in value by a mere thirty percent.

Is it practicable to send similar big teams of workers armed with tools, machinery, fertilizers and the latest soil conservation techniques to all or any substantial part of the thousands of eroded and exhausted farmlands in this country? It *might* be some day. Meanwhile this "Opening of the Second Frontier" is currently conceived strictly for demonstration purposes. The fact that 50,000 people witnessed in person the transformation of the Rodman farm, and double that number were on hand for the redoing of a 300-acre tract near Gallipolis, Ohio, this September, shows that this is the most attention-getting method yet of inculcating good soil practices among great numbers. The Rodman farm itself was chosen because it faces "Eagle's Nest," a hilltop on US Route 40, which is appropriately enough the National Road along which pioneers in covered wagons moved out to the rich Western plains. Such demonstrations are of increasing importance as the pressure on the world's food resources grows more acute.

The Review of Politics

FOR ten years now, edited by Dr. Waldemar Gurian, financed and housed by the University of Notre Dame, the quarterly *Review of Politics* has been one of the most serious American contributions to the consideration and discussion of world political problems. The *Review of Politics* has a very broad approach to its subject; it is political in the Aristotelian sense, and one of its chief functions has been to serve as a bridge between European and American thought. Such contributors as R. H. Tawney and Hans Kohn, Christopher Hollis and Bernard Wall, Jacques Maritain and Luigi Sturzo have brought varied and always broadening and deepening contributions to a world discussion. The *Review of Politics* has also served most usefully as a link between European and American universities, and, within the United States, as a platform for the exchange of ideas between Catholic and non-Catholic universities. It has published such invaluable source-material articles as Roman Jakobson's "The Beginning of National Self-Determination in Europe" and Werner Levi's "The British Dominions and Regionalism." Recent discussion of actualities has included authoritative surveys such as Harold Zink's "American Occupation Policies in Germany" and Professor N. Timasheff's article in the current number on the strength and weaknesses of the Soviet Union.

Dr. Gurian's high standing amongst the intellectuals of this country was given official accolade this summer when he was asked to undertake a lecture tour in the American Zone in Germany. Under his profoundly scholastic editorship the *Review of Politics* has earned such bouquets as Walter Lippmann's statement "I regard it as having very few equals and no superiors in the English speaking world, in the serious discussion of international politics." Almost every major university has sent its tribute to the editor and staff on their first double numbers birthday. In adding our small offering to the bouquet, we would agree with Mr. Frank O'Malley when he says that, though Catholic in inspiration, the *Review of Politics* does not do the work of the apostolate. But in the highest sense, it does—for what else is it to educate, to instruct, to clarify, and, in these days of descending iron curtains and closing doors, to keep open the lines of communication between men of good will, and to guide their feet into the way of peace?

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Religion and Psychiatry

Karl Stern

THERE HAVE lately been a number of papers—for instance, Father White's* fine essays—dealing with the problem of integrating the psychoanalytic method with religious concepts. These discussions seem to make it necessary to consider another aspect of the problem—the philosophical superstructure of present-day psychology. As has been pointed out so frequently, psychotherapy and the philosophy "going with it" are two different things which must be examined separately; and this "philosophy" has a tremendous impact. Just as our cultural climate has been permeated by an atmosphere emanating from the biological scientism of the post-Darwinian period, and an economic scientism of the post-Marxian period, so it is now permeated by an ill-defined current which derives from the present-day psychological concept of man, particularly from psychoanalysis and from behaviorism. Moreover, those of us who work in the psychiatric field are daily confronted with the question of how one can reconcile the methods and observations of present-day psychiatry and social psychology with the moral concepts of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. This sense of incongruity has assumed huge dimensions. Priests and ministers are beginning to attack psychiatry, particularly psychoanalysis, because of what they conceive to be an immanent destructive principle. Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts begin to question fundamental religious values because they find in them what they believe to be some sort of eternal well of neurosis. Many of them hold that, in the light of the discoveries in psychoanalysis and social and comparative psychology, the concept of God, the values of good and evil, should be reexamined, and the very mold of man ought to be recast. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that we are standing in the middle of what might be called a psychological revolution.

In order to analyze this, we might consider first the greatest exponent of this revolution, Freud himself, and the Freudian school. There is no doubt of the genius of Freud. Probably no single individual has contributed more to the knowledge of human psychology. The methods of psychoanalysis, when used properly, can offer remedy to suffering human beings. The psychoanalytical concepts (including those which were contributed by the derivative schools of Adler and Jung) have opened a field which is as beneficial to mankind as the introduction of anesthesia into surgery or the discovery of chemotherapy.

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However, psychoanalysis is followed by a philosophical smoke trail which, although it can be dissociated from the method and its genuine results, has in reality an extremely penetrating power. In order to illustrate this, we must understand what Freud himself has to say. At one time, Freud, speaking about the early reaction to his ideas, said that he encountered a great initial resistance; we can understand this resistance only in terms of the *beleidignung,* the *offense,* which his ideas inflicted on mankind. He linked himself with two other "offenders" of earlier times who had inflicted a similar modification on man's status in the universe. There was first Copernicus. Until the time of Copernicus mankind had been living with a geocentric consciousness. The earth was in the centre of creation. Copernicus demoted the earth to a mere, somewhat peripheral, speck in the galaxy. This was, according to Freud, the *cosmic* offense. Then came Darwin. He deprived man of his anthropocentric consciousness. Man, who had been in the centre of creation, became a mere chance product, as it were, of an evolutional process which did not seem to possess any transcendental principle. This was the *biological* offense. Until the time of Freud, men took it for granted that all contents of their consciousness had a tinge of spontaneity and free creativeness. With Freud, however, our conscious experiences became a mere surface ripple over an ocean of unconscious currents which are derived from deep biological strata and exert a powerful determining influence on our thoughts and actions. This was the *psychological* offense. Nobody has ever, with so few words, made a more profound remark on the entire cultural history of the West since the Renaissance. It would not be difficult to demonstrate that the *offense* is not as much due to hurt pride, as Freud implied in his remark, but to the deeply rooted *theandric* consciousness which is a heritage of the West, and which belongs to the very essence of Judaeo-Christian thought. However, to discuss this would lead us too far afield. Freud, incidentally, forgot one other great offender, Karl Marx. For dialectic materialism

*Cf. THE COMMONWEAL, July 23, 1948, and various articles in *Blackfriars* of the past few years.

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implies another *beleidigung,* namely, the assumption that all creative values, such as religion, art, and culture, are determined by, and secondary to, the state of material production. This was what one might call the *cultural* offense. It is perhaps no coincidence that, contrary to Copernicus and Darwin, both Freud and Marx provided their philosophical smoke trails themselves. Both had a keen sensitivity to the conventional lies of bourgeois, nineteenth-century civilization, and their tendency to *debunk* was based on motives which were anything but materialistic. Berdiaëv has demonstrated the essentially messianic character which underlies the mythology of dialectic materialism. Thomas Mann, on the other hand, pointed out that the principle of sublimation, the "ideal" solution of neurotic conflicts, makes Freud a true humanist. Both Freud and Marx were fed, without being aware of it, by the noblest Jewish cultural tradition.

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But it seems to be an intrinsic law governing revolutions that their original pathos is not maintained. It is as if they contained some sort of principle of entropy leading to nihilism. The cultural offense led to Stalinism, the biological offense led, via such people as Gobineau and Nietzsche, to Hitler. Where, then, is the psychological offense going to lead? This, of course, is difficult to foretell in concrete terms. However, it is worth while analyzing the actual present currents. The philosopical smoke trails of modern psychology implies a *reductive* principle. This is again most clear and unequivocal in the Freudian teaching. On the basis of Freud's philosophical writings we might, for instance, say that God is "nothing but" a father image. In fact, Freud says so himself. We might say that Communion is "nothing but" some form of oral eroticism, or cannibalistic father introjection, or something of that sort. This reductive principle could be called the philosophy of "nothing but." What actually happens here is an inversion, an upside-down of Platonism. Just as Marx says proudly that he turned the Hegelian philosophy upside down, Freud, obviously without being aware of it, has done the same thing to Plato. A Platonic philosopher might say: "Even in our attitude to our earthly father we can conceive a crude image of our attitude to God," "Even in the earliest, most primitive cannibalistic rituals we see a foreshadowing of the idea of Communion." However, this presupposes that universal ideas are not something purely accidental to the mind, and that matter can be imbued by spirit. Once we begin to reduce the spiritual to the material we are compelled never to regard man in his entirety but only from one single aspect at a time —either the economic or the biological, or the psychological. This is quite clear in the light of what happened during the last century. It could probably be demonstrated that this approach to the human problem is the only one which makes it possible to *manage* large numbers of people.

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However, let us go back to the practical point in question. Those who feel that moral concepts should be re-examined on the basis of objective science are, it seems, chiefly influenced by various motives. For instance, they see patients who are fettered and warped by the fear of eternal damnation, who seem to be hemmed in by some peculiar religious consideration in every step they take. The creativeness of the individual seems to be forever blocked by a sense of guilt. It is true that a false Puritanism and (in the Catholic Church) a strong Jansenistic trend here and there have slain many victims. Most people's concept of morality has become purely negative, and taking the history of some of our patients, we begin to wonder whether Christianity is not for them an intricate system of prohibitions. Even those patients whose neurosis does not choose this particular pattern, when they are asked about the subject of religion, frequently reply: "Oh, as far as religion is concerned, I am all right, I don't . . ." and then there follows an enumeration of all the things they do *not* do. What we need is a tremendous program of re-education of those who are concerned with the teaching of religion.

Many present-day psychiatrists, however, do not see this phenomenon as an accidental one which can be dissociated from the problem of religion without touching upon its essential truths. They feel that the social sciences are under an obligation, with objective and detached methods, to abolish or to reshape those basic concepts themselves rather than their false objectivation. This, however, is a methodological error. All philosophers, from Aristotle to Bergson, from Plato to Whitehead, agree that the world of values is inaccessible to the methods used by the sciences. One of our foremost scientists, Conant, warns us not to try to apply "accumulative knowledge" to problems which are essentially those of "poetry and philosophy." Conant modifies Bacon's threefold division of the realm of learning and speaks of accumulative, poetic and philosophic knowledge. "Whereas the idea of progress," Conant says, "is both valid and significant, in the first category (accumulative knowledge), in the other two the concept is not only invalid but a positive deterrent to relevant undertakings" . . . "For it is obvious that poesy or poetry, on the one hand, and philosophy, on the other, together hold the keys to man's immediate future, including the advance of accumulative knowledge." . . .

The argument implied in Freud's writings on

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religion, and even more so in numerous publications of comparative psychologists, social psychologists and psychoanalysts, runs approximately as follows: If I examine "religion" with the tools of psychoanalysis and of comparative psychology, the moral and supernatural values lose their absoluteness, and they can be reduced by this method to something which is determined by numerous extraneous and accidental factors. This is the fallacy of scientism of which Conant is obviously aware. Just as there were some scholastic philosophers who erroneously applied philosophical methods to problems pertaining to science, the proponents of scientism succumb to the opposite error. Supposing a man set out to do scientific research on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Such a man might go into Beethoven's childhood history, his emotional development, and the social and cultural constellation in Europe of the 1820s. He might then do a study of the physics and mechanics of the various instruments, the average number of vibrations produced at any given time during the performance of the symphony. He might supply these data graphically and with mathematical formulations. All this would mean a laborious task, and a huge compilation of scientific material. But has our research worker "explained" or "understood" one bar of the Ninth Symphony? Of course he has not; there is an essence to this phenomenon which we call Beethoven's Ninth Symphony which the man has not even touched by his objective investigations. It would be preposterous to assume that, on the basis of his results, he might discover errors in the structure of the Ninth Symphony, or correct it.

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What holds true with reference to aesthetic values holds equally true with reference to religious and moral ideas. "Accumulative knowledge" does not pertain to them. Now these questions are far from being of a purely academic and abstract nature, because the philosophical superstructure of psychology, as it manifested itself in Freud's writings on religion, and in the works of numerous comparative sociologists, psychoanalysts and anthropologists, reaches far beyond those writings. Its spirit has become an ill-defined, never quite clearly formulated *attitude* of many of those who deal with human beings in the field of psychology, medical psychology and social work.

To disentangle that philosophical superstructure from the factual material of psychological observation is by no means as easy as might be supposed. And once we shall have achieved that task we shall have to integrate this present-day knowledge of man with the Christian idea of man. It is quite true that all factual observations of psychoanalysis are perfectly compatible with religion. However, compatibility, or rather the lack of incompatibility, is not enough. The task of integration is formidable and, as we have indicated above, cannot be isolated from the general problem of the fate of a Christian anthropology in the cultural development of the West since the Renaissance.

If we are to undertake this task we already have a few points in our favor. To begin with, Freud's method is not "scientific" in a mechanistic sense. His ingenious observations were made by intuition and empathy. Jaspers once pointed out that one must not be misled by Freud's terminology. He used words such as "splitting-off," "sublimination," "preservation of libidinal energy," and this practice is due to the fact that he was a typical child of the nineteenth century, originally a scientist himself, in love with science and with the frills of science. However, his method has actuallly nothing to do with quantification; it is an "understanding" type of psychology, and much more akin to the methods of such psychologists as Shakespeare and Tolstoi than to the thinking of those who hold a mechanistic outlook on man. It is "poetic knowledge" in the sense of Conant and its very method has never been dehumanized.

Moreover, those who believe in the primacy of the spirit are looking at these issues from a vantage point which Freud himself did not have. Had he himself known and recognized a psychology (knowledge of the *psyche*) other than natural,, as explored by, let us say, Teresa of Avila, he would not have been shaken in any one of his fundamental discoveries, but his insights would have taken on a third dimension, and he would, with his genius, have built something of a tremendous grandeur. As it is, he has supplied only one blueprint and it is for those who come later to add a few storeys. In this connection it is interesting to read his short and brilliant essay on Dostoievsky and *The Brothers Karamazov*. There he gave a penetrating analysis of the psychological background in Dostoievsky's own life; he was full of praise of the profound psychology displayed in the novel but he missed entirely the main point—the spiritual drama. He had a blind spot for it. Those among us, however, who "see both sides," are at an advantage when it comes to the task of integration. This implies also a duty. If we do not contribute to this task we are as guilty as those who discovered, much too late, the fact that in the pathos of Karl Marx—in his critical analysis of the capitalist structure of society and of the ills of an industrial civilization—there was an entire world of thoughts which should have been taken up eagerly by Christians and purged of philosophical errors.

Unless we achieve this integration, mankind

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will be in the position of a patient whom I encountered during my student days. He was a Russian Jew afflicted with a psychosis. Apart from his psychotic symptoms, which I have forgotten, he was deeply religious and talked a good deal about the Messiah. Our teacher in psychiatry was a charming, very cultured professor who belonged to a school of thought in psychiatry which thinks it is able to explain everything in terms of localization in various areas of the brain. After our patient had been presented in conference, the professor called him back once more from the door and said: "Incidentally, that idea about the Messiah, that is nonsense . . . forget about it!"

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It seems peculiar that, with the exception of Father White's interesting studies, Jung has received so little attention by Catholic psychologists. Here is a man who started off on the basis of traditional and academic psychiatry, and came, via psychoanalytical methods, purely clinically, to observations about the human mind, some of which bear a startling resemblance to "observations" of the mystics. Such a development is fascinating if we regard it as a symptom of the cultural history of our time. Why, then, do most Catholic psychologists make a wide circle around this phenomenon? There seem to be several reasons for this. Firstly, Jung's observations are much more aphoristic than those of Freud, and do not lend themselves to systematization. Secondly, there is a strong element of gnosis. The Freudian psychology remains strictly on the "natural plane," it is by its very nature agnostic, and therefore not "dangerous." Thirdly, this form of knowledge frequently leads to some sort of non-committal mysticism, a mysticism without discipline, so that in the end there remains a museum of religious experiences, with Christian, Hindu, Buddhist, etc., collector's items. (There is no true mysticism without ascesis, as Newman said.)

But all this would make it seem even more necessary to study Jung's psychology carefully and separate that which is genuine from that which is purely speculative, even if it were only for the fact that he was the first one to follow the roots of the neurosis to where they transcend the biological layer.

However, to come back to our initial point. It is not right to accept of psychoanalysis only the great factual discoveries and the therapeutic boon. We are forced to look closely at the philosophical superstructure. But the more we have probed the "nature" of man, the more we seem to have stripped him of the supernatural. This is what makes Freud's remark, quoted in the beginning of this article, so uncanny. Copernicus, Darwin, Marx, Freud—what a humiliating dénouement. First we are thrown out of a geocentric cosmos, then out of an anthropocentric life; no wonder that our social achievements arise out of greed, and our ideas are masked impulses. However, if we see that first things come first, if we integrate the tremendous discoveries into a cosmology and into an anthropology in which Grace penetrates Nature, then we shall be enriched instead of impoverished, and we shall feel humbled instead of humiliated.

A Poet Is Brought Home

PADRAIC COLUM

THE REMAINS of William Butler Yeats, who died and was buried in the South of France in January, 1939, have been brought back to Ireland and given their last resting place in the County Sligo, his birthplace, celebrated by him in his early poetry. Significantly, the Irish vessel that brought back the remains of the poet who had the greatest part in making the people of Ireland conscious of their mythology and their heroic tradition was named "Macha," the War Goddess, whose story is at the beginning of the Irish epic.

A letter from Jack B. Yeats said, "Every little thought was so well given. The corvette by the quay of Galway. The sailors carrying the body ashore. The long drive through Galway, Mayo and Sligo to Sligo town. The people in the towns and villages we passed. All these things steeped in the dignity of affection were very moving. And Sligo and the men and women and boys and girls and little children were, as always, steady in the gentle, honoring beauty of the air."

★

Under bare Ben Bulben's head
In Drumcliff churchyard Yeats is laid.
An ancestor was rector there
Long years ago, a church stands near,
By the road an ancient cross.
No marble, no conventional phrase;
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his commands these words are cut:
Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!

To view Ben Bulben I turn my back on a town, the town of Sligo. I turn my back on it by taking a boat up Sligo's river, the Garavogue, and into Sligo's lake, Lough Gill. Swans are coming down the river; a pair, plunging madly in the water, look as if they are making a desperate effort to attain to that smoothness and whiteness that swans must always present; wild duck are hurrying in the other direction, flying low as though

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to make sure that, despite their hurry, nothing of importance is being left behind in the sedges; the water-hen makes a trip between bank and bank.

A lake without mountains of some height around it and without wooded islets is a flat sheet of water that only in rarely pensive moods we can get any delight out of. Now Lough Gill has it over its neighbor, Lough Erne, in having mountains alongside it and islets in its midst and wooded sides where rhododendrons give splashes of color. And it has its high associations. To the left, about a thousand feet high, is Ben Bulben. Yeats' testament gives it new fame, but Ben Bulben has been famous for centuries. On that mountain Dermott, the lover of Grania, was drawn to hunt the boar and to meet his doom, bringing down an heroic companionship by his chief's betrayal of him. That is one of the world's great stories. On that bastion-like height one can see the spear-carrying, mourning figures coming down its side with their hounds.

I say to the boatman, "What is that hill before us?" "Dooney," he tells me. The place-name has gone far and wide. "I have made a translation of a poem by a famous poet of yours," a Polish poet said to me in a place far from Lough Gill, "'The Fiddler of Dooney'," and through all the k's and c's and z's of his language came the little places around here, places that the youthful Yeats was familiar with:

> When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
> Folk dance like a wave of the sea,
> My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
> My brother in Moherabuie.
>
> I passed my brother and cousin,
> They read in their books of prayer;
> I read in my book of songs
> I bought at the Sligo fair.

One might speak of this locality as the cradle of modern Irish poetry. Here the young Keats began making ballads and plays out of the legends and remembered worthies of the place, and beyond, in Ballyshannon in the next county, his elder, William Allingham, made ballads and snatches that, in measures that appealed to popular memory and yet were the expression of a sincere and accomplished artist, celebrated his familar places:

> Adieu to Ballyshanny where I was bred and born.

Much of the early Yeats is about places around Lough Gill.

> He stood among a crowd at Drumahair;
> His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
> And he had known at last some tenderness,
> Before earth made of him her sleepy care.

or—

> Where the wandering water gushes
> From the hills above Glen Car,
> In pools among the rushes
> That scarce could bathe a star,
> We seek for slumbering trout,
> And whispering in their ears
> Give them unquiet dreams;
> Leaning softly out
> From ferns that drop their tears
> Over the young streams.

That play of his which is the only popular verse-play written in modern days, "The Land of Heart's Desire," has its scene nearby. And as we row into the lake I look for the little island whose name is celebrated in the most popular of Yeats' early poems. Perhaps we will reach it, saying to ourselves:

> I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
> And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
> Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
> And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

I should like to say that we rowed all the way to Innisfree, but that did not happen. We went on to one of the other wooded islets. Here, all alone, lives an old woman who rows herself over the lake to the town once in a while to buy what she needs and sell what she raises. More visited once than it is in these days, the islet has a landing-stage with a ring to fasten the boat. Here is a stone house, the sort that was built in the eighteenth century by a landowner as a lodge for his gate-keeper or for a herdsman and his family. At the door the old woman is standing, an axe in her hands, breaking timber. She turns a very lined face and speaks to us with the retardedness of one who isn't used to verbal exchanges. Monks, I suppose, had a heritage here in the old days. The islet is still for hermits; I look at the old woman, the axe in her hands, her goats and chickens near her. The last of generations that herded cattle here, she was born in that house; brothers and sisters grew up with her but left the islet long ago; she married; her husband is dead a long time. I wonder what she feels about the poet's desire to live alone on an island in Lough Gill.

> And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
> Dropping from veils of the morning to when the cricket sings.

There is a good deal to be said for islands in lakes, and perhaps even more than in other cases for islands in Irish lakes. As I look back on this one I get the notion that the enchanted islands of early Irish romances are simply reproductions of lake islands. The islands that Brendan or Maelduin comes to are in the ocean, to be sure. Yes, but they have been transferred there, and marvelous inhabitants and strange creatures have been given lease of them. I think that men in a

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coracle seeking a hermitage on a lake and coming to one of its islands began this type of romance. And what would they have found to give the sense of enchantment that is in the stories? Beech trees and a grassy place, a well and a hazel copse with a blackbird singing in it. There would be enough to give the sense of enchantment if one came to the place on such a day as this.

For a summer's day in Ireland when morning, noon and evening are free of rain gives something to the eyes that is different from what one gets in other lands. I look upon these fields of varying shades of green across which a hedge runs, a hedge in which are the golden blossoms of the furze. What is it that makes these fields like something in a legend, fields unvisited and not to be visited? It is the light that is on them, a light from an illuminated cloud. It is as if one saw at last something that is purely ideal. We can know from the look of these fields why the young wife in "The Land of Heart's Desire" dreamed of going into the land of enchantment on a May eve.

★

Now we are back in Sligo. In the main Irish towns have grown up (or rather extended themselves, since nothing so undeveloped can be described as having grown) from a market-place, not, as in France or England, around a fortress or a port or an abbey or a great manor. Hence they show no lineage; they are nothing but the barest expression of buying or selling.

Sligo, however, had its fortress and its port, and afterwards its abbey to start from, and so it should have made itself different from Ballynatuohey or whatever one might call the generalized Irish town. But there isn't much to distinguish Sligo or even differentiate it from other Irish towns. True, there is the ruin of the abbey and that is something. There are a few vessels along its quays to give a boy dreams of distant shores. But they look as if they had never lain in sunlit water or had come before a white city; seagoing barges they are and rusty barges at that.

The most impressive sight of the town is that from the bridge beside Cockran's Mall. There are grey walls with patches of grass growing on them and rank grass between them and the river, and seagulls lined upon their roofs, beyond them the grey walls of the town, and across from them those boartrees or elders with patches of white blossom that so effectively mark the scene of an abandonment. There is something grand in their greyness, emptiness, dilapidation: they are the ruin of cornmills.

"I spent five years looking over the bridge of Sligo," Jack Yeats once told me, "and I'm sorry I didn't spend longer." Nobody paints livelier pictures than Jack Yeats, but if his canvases showed those lost cities in Arabia that lady travelers now go to I would be certain that the mood was born from looking across this bridge. And what are they the ruins of? Mills and warehouses. The town is not worthy of the region that it is the centre of, a region beautiful in itself and filled with legendary associations—it is a huddle of grey houses. I go to the ruin of the abbey that was begun in the thirteenth century. "God save you, sir!" an old fellow says to me, making a form of address that lets me know he wants an alms. When I give it to him he says, explaining himself, "An oul' horseman!" He means, of course, that he has been a jockey or a groom, but the word suggests a sense in which it is used in Irish annals—the soldier on horseback. I thought of the men who had followed the O'Connors and the O'Donnells, the Fitzgeralds and the De Burgos in those forgotten campaigns that left such shifting lordships round the Abbey of Sligo. He was lean and bowed, and had the sad blue eyes of one who had known many defeats. "An oul' horseman!" The men he had served had their names on the Abbey stones.

The town begins with a Fitzgerald who, with the Norman's comprehension of the advantageous place, build a stronghold here, thus cutting off Ulster from Connacht and so weakening the native princes. But it has to be said that the O'Connors and the O'Donnells were weak through their own divisions. And the Normans, too, were divided; soon the Fitzgeralds were defending themselves from the powerful De Burgos, the Burkes. The Normans became Celticized and the Celts became Normanized. The abbey was built by a Fitzgerald; its finest surviving monument—but that was made centuries after their first encounters—commemorates an O'Connor-Fitzgerald alliance: the tomb of an O'Connor married to the lady Eleanor Desmond, a Fitzgerald.

It is a long plaque in many panels. The main one has the figure of the lord and lady. They are kneeling each side of a prie-dieu, the dame with a long rosary round her neck, the knight in armor but with helmet on the ground, its front turned away from the prie-dieu. Above are the arms of the families, and, far up, the figure on the cross, small, arms upraised, looking very benignant. The masks representing death are striking because the fleshless and noseless faces are surmounted by round cherub faces. This monument is of the seventeenth century; it became the model for other commemorative tablets in Ireland and it remains the most memorable of them. What a pity we don't know the name of the artist who did so good a job.

How quaint heraldic devices are, and what a

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good time our ancestors must have had devising them! They are like fairy tales that could be looked at and lived with and taken seriously. Take the O'Crean device that is here. The wealthiest family in the county, the O'Creans had for their device a wolf rampant between two human hearts. There was an O'Crean married to a Jones. We do not recognize the Joneses by their heraldic display any more. But, after all, they were the ap Johns, a Welsh family who were once, I suppose, as good as the ap Tudors. These particular Joneses took nothing less in the way of a device than a lion rampant: we find the Jones lion impaled with the O'Crean wolf and human hearts. By this time Irish and Welsh families were writing their epitaphs in English as on the O'Crean-Jones tombstone.

How is it that when we make epitaphs in verse we go back to the nursery rhyme? Even the lord of language, William himself, did this when he wrote about his own bones. Is this because the cradle and the grave are adjacent, or is it because writing on a tombstone is very like writing on a room wall when a pencil was more or less untried by us? Anyway, the O'Crean-Jones epitaph has the nursery ring that is proper to an epitaph:

Wee two are one by His decree
That reigneth from Eternity,
That first erected have these stones,
Wee Roebuck Crean and Alice Jones.

I am on the road going from the town. The epitaph that has the aloofness, the grandeur of great things passed away is in my mind.

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by.

Ben Bulben is in my view.

Regina Laudis

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE GREY concrete building sat square on the short steep hill, curiously ugly in the sunlight. Inside, to the left, a huge boiler; upstairs, a loft with carpenters at work. One stood up as six-year-old Anthony, straight as a ramrod, walked purposefully ahead. "Stop by after Mass—I've got something for you," he whispered to the child. We stopped to see the big candlestick he was making, for the Paschal candle; another, seven-pronged for Tenebrae. Down a pine-partition we came under a rounded arch into the chapel, its high, square vaulting copied from a Connecticut barn. The whole chapel was in unstained pine, balsam-sweet scented; the three shallow altar-steps led to an altar as severely simple as that at Stonehenge; one great block on two. The celebrant faces the grille; this is a miracle of carpentry, each square pegged, not a nail in it, dovetailed and grooved. Behind the grille, Mother Benedict's abbatial chair, and the seven nuns in pine choir stalls. Mother Benedict and Mother Mary-Aline had come from Jouarre, the great Benedictine Contemplative Convent of the Strict Observance near Paris, less than two years ago, to found the first Abbey of Benedictine Contemplative nuns here in America, in the Connecticut hills, near the little village of Bethlehem. We knelt on the bare boards beside our bench. Anthony, in white surplice, as serious and decorous a scamp as ever served Mass, staggered manfully under the big book, fetched the hosts we each took from a glass bowl. The carpenter halted for the consecration. After, there was *pain benit* in a little basket, hard sour crusty slices.

Whilst Anthony chatted with his carpenter friend, we went upstairs to see where the cells would be. Each, as the Bishop had insisted, to have a radiator, and running water. Mother Mary-Aline, with hardly any English (and no teeth—she had twelve out, all abscessed, and was in great pain, but still lovely and very Faubourg St. Germain, a cousin of William the Conqueror's and of the Pere de Foucauld, both!) explained how she was the architect. "I tell the plumber he can make for two cells from one pipe," she said, "and he say yes, he hadn't thought of that—saves material, and money, too." And she told us how she bullied the carpenter, "He had retired—he wanted no more to work wood. But I said, Mother Benedict is coming back from Rome in four weeks, and she brings with her six nuns, we must have place for them to live. So he come to work, and, now he doesn't stop and he does what I say, to a millimeter. And the electrician, he put up the lamps wrong, above the altar. I say to him, he must take them down, because the Committee coming, and they will not like to see it. But he says, 'I take it down because it is ugly, and not good for Regina Laudis; not for the Committee, I do not care for the Committee; but that Regina Laudis should have what is beautiful only, that I care.'"

Mother Benedict and Mother Mary-Aline took us to the parlor, till lately the garage, for a delicious breakfast—coffee in stout bowls, and home-made marmalade, already famed. Mother Benedict told how they came to America. She had been professed at Jouarre, the Benedictine Abbey near Paris, that was a dozen centuries old. "I entered after I had obtained my doctorate in medicine; my doctor's thesis was on St. John of the Cross," she said, "and I expected to be there always; Benedictines take a vow of stability, you know—they are discouraged from gadding around. I'm American, so when America came into the war, I should have left. But Reverend Mother was very chic, and let me stay; someone took a postcard from me, and mailed it from the zone libre, saying I was on my way to Florida. Then in 1944, the Germans were getting ugly, and asking questions about me, so I went to Paris. Mother Mary-Aline and I went by night—it took us six hours to go thirty miles, because of Allied bombings. In Paris, it was forbidden to walk in the street; once a Gestapo car passed us, but we turned to the wall to hide our white collars, and got safely to shelter. Mother Mary-Aline went to the Gestapo headquarters to find out if I had

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been denounced: but it was only an old enquiry, luckily. I stayed three weeks in Paris, then went back, and no one discovered me. When the liberation came, just after Vespers on August 26th, I watched the soldiers go by from our big tower, and suddenly I knew I would go back to America, and knew, too, that to found an Abbey there would be the only way to say 'thank you' for the liberation. But I did nothing for two years. Then, some nuns came from Stanmore, in England. talking of the possibility of founding an Abbey in the States, and asked me, 'Have you not had such an idea?' And I said, yes, since the liberation. Reverend Mother could not help me financially, but she let me go to Rome, to get permission from the Congregation of Religious; then it was possible to go to the States, and Mother Mary-Aline and I went."

"We arrived with $20," Mother Mary-Aline said, "and Miss Ford and Miss Delehanty met us. They took us to the Henry Hudson Hotel, where we had a wonderful supper. Then, when it came to paying, they had both spent all their money, and borrowed our $20—how we laughed." Miss Ford—Lauren Ford, the painter—and her friend, Miss Delehanty, are Benedictine Oblates of Solesmes, and had heard there of the Jouarre project. It was their letter to Mother Benedict that made it possible for her and Mother Mary-Aline to come to the States.

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At first, the plan was to found something in Virginia, but that fell through. Then, one day, Mother Benedict was having a weaving lesson in the house of a local Connecticut contractor, Mr. Leathers, and he, although not a Catholic, offered her a fifteen-acre site on a nearby hill-top. This was a great help when the two Mothers went to see the Bishop, for the Bishop of Hartford was very much against any more religious in his diocese, especially ones with a capital of $20.

"How much will you need to build?" asked the Bishop.

"Oh, $50,000," gaily said Mother Benedict.

To her surprise, the Bishop said, suddenly, "The diocese welcomes you."

Too stunned to take it in, she looked so blank, he repeated for her, gently, "The diocese welcomes you."

They have still to get their $50,000. And much more. Mr. Leathers sold them, for a down payment, his new, unused factory, and a small guest-house; they need $80,000 to complete the payment on these. "But the workmen are wonderful," Mother Mary-Aline said. "I tell them about the Benedictine way of life, how it works, and what it is, and they work so well; they find everything for us; lumber is so scarce, but they find lumber; plumbing equipment is hard to come by, but they manage to find what we need."

Sister Genevieve passed by the window, a bowl of greenstuff in her hand. "She has a name for each of her rabbits, and she has goats too—all animals seem to love her," said Mother Benedict.

Mother Benedict made another trip to Rome last summer for further permissions, and brought back with her six more nuns from Jouarre. Many more want to come, and already there are also over twenty American postulants. But there is no room. The nuns are crowded where they are; until the factory is completely converted they cannot be enclosed, nor receive novices. Once the Abbey is completed, where they now live will be Father Damasus' house, and the men's guest-house. Father Damasus, O.S.B, the Mother's chaplain, is from Maria Laach in Germany, and is one of the greatest living authorities on the liturgy. St. Gregory's, the first house the nuns lived in after Miss Ford's, is already the women's guest-house. But it is badly laid-out for such a purpose, being a one-family American home. The nuns will have a big workroom, where they will weave, will do art and craft-work. They cook exquisitely, and will make *specialités,* like their marmalade and their *paté* of rabbit liver. They will wear habits of blue-jean material, for the Benedictine pattern is to use the costumes, customs, and characteristics of the country, wherever possible.

Already not only are there postulants, but crowds of guests; for to stay at Regina Laudis is refreshment as well for the body as the soul. But the nuns need money, desperately: contemplatives, whose main occupation is the Holy Office, have a begging bowl for all their luggage. Yet what they have must be beautiful; everything for the chapel, everything for the service of the beauty that is truth, must be as simple and as splendid as it can be made. So every dollar helps fashion a candlestick, or mould an arch: and in these days of wars and rumors of wars, here are rumors of a peace that passeth understanding, of a peace that drops from the Connecticut cedars, as once from Ovid's golden ilexes.

Communications

FROM A TOKYO CORRESPONDENT

TO the Editors: "Ione" is blowing her head off at a rate of 60 miles an hour, making the windows rattle, and giving me a very uncomfortable feeling of uneasiness. So I have decided to get my wits together and dash off a few lines to you, as you did ask me to let you have my impressions of life in Japan from time to time.

Here in the Pacific they call these big blows by girls' names. In the Carribean Area they named them after saints, the name of the saint on whose day the wind first commenced to whip up into a hurricane. Typhoon, or hurricane, they can get you unnerved.

Radio JOAK (the Japanese station) has just announced in Japanese (my roommate interpreting) that the wind is blowing through the Chuo area of Japan. Then the announcer hastened to explain that this is not news to us in the Chuo area, but please to remember that all over the other areas of Japan, they are not aware of this wind blowing, so naturally it is news for them. The Japanese explain so in detail, that it is at times amusing, but at the same time very, very instructive, especially when you do not understand their point of view.

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I got as far as the above last night when I had to stop to help stuff papers in between the windows and the casing to stop the infernal rattling. Japanese architects do not go in for petty details such as windows fitting securely in their cases. We finished the eight windows just as the moon came out. Yesterday and today have been grand. The air has cleared, and if it were not for the damage to crops and small homes, one could thank Ione for clearing the air. Autumn is a grand season here.

Tonight there are fireworks. There will be chairs on the roof of the hotel at 100 yen, the proceeds to go to the relief fund for sufferers from the Fukui earthquake. The moat in back of the hotel is filled with colorful craft of all descriptions, large and small, all heading for the Sumada River to see the fireworks. What a contrast to the dirty, churning, rough waters when Ione was blowing her top off.

* * *

You should hear Japanese choirs sing. Grand voices, mostly a cappella here because they do not understand the organ. For some reason they have not mastered the organ, but that is the only western instrument they haven't. And give them time! The Philharmonic plays every Sunday afternoon at Hibiya Hall. It is surprising how many of the soldiers and officers fill that hall. It must seat 3,000 and at least 2,000 gather in the summer, and the hall will be filled when the winter season starts. There is only one thing wrong with the concerts, they never play any Japanese compositions. It seems a shame that they do not encourage their composers by playing their works.

You should see the junk that passes for Japanese Art these days. It is pitiful to see soldiers and civilians buying the cheap copies of the old woodcuts. The contemporary work in oils consists for the greater part in imitations of the French Impressionists, the American contemporary artists, and the old Japanese Woodcut Artists. Last week the "Kodokai" (Red Soil Group) put on a show that showed a marked improvement, a development of the contemporary scene, and a stronger color palette, which was a welcome relief. But tonight there is a new show by youngsters which about reaches the level of ordinary calendar art. And how it would gripe you to hear these ladies of the occupation going into ecstasy over a piece of junk!

There are countless Curio Shops where they have many really old pieces of pottery, ironware, etc., and fairly reasonably priced. When the old estates were being sold off, the Japanese Government purchased many museum pieces which are all stored in safe keeping. There are a few museum pieces still available but at what a price. These boys know what is a curio and what is a museum piece, and price accordingly.

On the whole the soldiers are a pretty well behaved bunch. Over the Labor Day holidays of the thousands and thousands milling around I saw only two drunks. Many of them had been drinking but had handled it well. Drinking is not very heavily indulged in by the average soldier in this section. He spends his time ice-skating (yes, even in the dead heat of July, they travel around with skates over their shoulders) swimming, and just milling up and down the Ginza peeking into the thousands of thousands of peddlers' stalls. G. C. A.

SECULARISM IN CHURCH

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: May I express my joy over Father Daniel Cantwell's excellent article in the October 1 COMMONWEAL. I have seldom seen anything that shows us so aptly and in such courageous and forceful a language the "dynamite" in the apparently so diplomatic statements of our Popes, Pius XI and Pius XII. Father Cantwell read them for us as we all should read them.

A few days before—THE COMMONWEAL is always late in our village—I received the October issue of the *United Nations World* (the international magazine), which contains an article by Willard Price on the social conditions of the Indian in Peru and Bolivia. He relates a conversation with a nun in a foundling home at Arequipa in which the nun calls the social set-up by its name: "I call it slavery." This nun may, of course, be a literary device of Mr. Price. But let us assume she not only exists, but said what Mr. Price reports. Then she is a courageous, open-minded woman of common sense. I hope and pray that Peru and Bolivia are full of such truly Christian nuns. But . . .

Thinking of what Father Cantwell had to say, on the different asceticisms and charities, I for one wonder whether Catholics in these countries, instead of settling down to treatment of symptoms, should not be aroused to cut the root of the evil. The good Sister tells us that from the Spanish days until now, the social and economic system of Peru and Bolivia was built on slavery and exploitation of the Indian. That this went so far as to making girl slaves the avowed victims of their masters. That this system was "remedied" by religious who opened foundling homes, probably supported by the alms of the very people who created the problem. That the country has wonderful laws to stop this horrible unChristian system. That these laws are not enforced. In other words: the personal asceticism of the good nuns is, in the sense of Catholic Action, nearly entirely wasted.

Worse than that: sectarian organizations not only exploit these circumstances by their "evangelization" of Roman Catholic countries, but they tour this country and use such instances to prove that "evangelization" is badly needed—of course forgetting entirely the conditions in their own solid South, our own slums, rural and otherwise, and the many pagans at home on whom they could concentrate. But since this task is harder and demands a lot of things they just have not got, they go to the backwoods of S.A. with medicine, scholarships, sewing machines, Bibles and U.S. dollars. The feedback of anti-Catholic propaganda in our small town sectarian churches has a volume and a percussion power in bigotry New Yorkers hardly guess.

It is therefore good news to read that South American Bishops have put on a program of Catholic Social Action. I hope the students will have as their first discussion paper a Spanish translation of Father Cantwell's great manifesto. *The Reverend* H. A. REINHOLD.

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REFORM BEGINS AT THE PLANT LEVEL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: John Cort, in the October 1 issue of COMMONWEAL, displays a lack of comprehension as to the Catholic Worker program. "It is really tragic," he states, "that so many young zealots have been sold on the more romantic and intolerant editions of agrarianism without first asking either themselves or Dorothy Day the question: How do you know the answer is 'no' when you cannot point to one example of our industrial enterprise that has earnestly and intelligently tried to reconcile the two [Christianity and industrialism] and "failed?"

The Catholic Worker program does not call for a simple agrarian economy, it calls for a village economy which will utilize what can be used of industrialism without injury to the person of man. On our part, at least, there is no wholesale condemnation of machinery as such, but we do not hesitate to condemn certain methods of industrial production that have proven harmful to man. We believe in production for use and in regional living insofar as this latter is possible.

The fundamental disagreement between the ACTU and The Catholic Worker lies not only in the extent with which we accept industrial methods but also on the question of class collaboration. The Industry Council Plan, on a state or plant basis, which Mr. Cort advocates, assumes class collaboration. This we reject as an impossibility under the capitalist system and as a betrayal of the workers. We advocate the elimination of the capitalist class by non-violent direct action and the cessation of acquisitive class society. Our belief calls therefore for radical non-violent revolution—the procedure advocated by Mr. Cort calls for class collaboration and reformism. We believe the ACTU program to be unrealistic and lacking in vision, it is little more than New Dealism.

ROBERT LUDLOW,
Associate Editor, *Catholic Worker.*

"OUR THREATENED VALUES"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Anne Fremantle concludes her note on Victor Gollancz's *Our Threatened Values* in your issue of September 24 with the following words:

> Mr. Gollancz, to prove his points, sometimes, however, overstates his arguments. He quotes a Chassidic legend about the Passover, but has perhaps forgotten that on each day of that celebration wine is sprinkled to illustrate, in triumph, the shedding of Egyptian blood.

The interpretation of the passage in the Passover *Haggadah* to which Mrs. Fremantle refers, varies. President Finkelstein, in his introduction to a recent edition (*Haggadah of Passover,* Hebrew Publishing Company, 1942) describes the meaning of the "sprinkling" in these words:

> The spilling of the wine at the mention of the plagues is interpreted as a symbol of regret that the victory had to be purchased by the death of the Egyptians. (p. xvii)

Mrs. Fremantle and your readers might be interested in some relevant passages from authoritative Rabbinic writings:

> The ministering angels wanted to sing a hymn at the destruction of the Egyptians, but God said: "My children lie drowned in the sea and you would sing?" (Bab. Talmud, *Meg.* 10*b*, *San.* 39*b;* Montefiore and Loewe, *Rabbinic Anthology,* p. 52)
> [Why is rejoicing mentioned three times in relation to the feast of Tabernacles but concerning Passover rejoicing is not mentioned at all?] Because at Passover the Egyptians died. And so you will find that during Tabernacles we read the "Hallel" psalms all the seven days but on Passover we read them only on the first day and in the evening, even as Samuel was wont to quote Prov. xxiv. 17, "When thine enemy falls, do not rejoice." (*Pesikta Kahana,* 189a; Montefiore and Loewe, *op. cit., p.* 465) (The Samuel referred to is the well-known early Rabbi, Samuel the Little.)

It seems to me that Mr. Gollancz was not "overstating" his arguments.

WILL HERBERG.

* * *

FOOD PARCELS

AMONG recent appeals received for food parcels for needy religious houses in Europe are the following:

Sister Gertrudis Reimann, Superior General
Meitingen bei Augsburg
Schwaben/Bavaria
American Zone, Germany.

Sister Judith Maria
Willdenowstrasse 8 (Pinsstift)
Berlin N. 65, Germany.

Mother Else Mayer
Baumschul-Allee 5
(22c) Bonn, Rhineland
Germany.

Rev. Sister M. Rosina
St. Mary's Hospital
Alfred Street
Hamburg 25, Germany.

Rev. Mother Antonetta
St. Anna Kloster-Eulenerstrasse
Dusseldorf, Rhineland
British Zone, Germany.

CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc.), 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., announces that since "fats rate as Europe's greatest food need" they are now accepting orders for 10-pound packages of lard at $5.50 each ($6.50 in Berlin). Regular $10 food packages of CARE are still available as are the $10 "Speed Food Vouchers" of SAFE, 40 Exchange Place, New York 5, N. Y.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Social vs. Christian Democrats in Germany

GREAT DIFFERENCES of view and emphasis became evident in the speeches of the two principal leaders of the Social Democratic Party of Germany, at the Party's National Convention at Duesseldorf. *Dr. Kurt Schumacher,* president of the Party, launched violent attacks against the Christian Democratic Union, while Herr Erich Ollenhauer, vice-president, emphasized the "need for tolerance" and "co-operation with others," and declared that "the ideals of the pre-Hitler period are not strong enough to put the masses on fire." Both Schumacher and Ollenhauer were re-elected.

The Social Democratic Party is the largest party in the British Zone, while the Christian Democrats rank first in the American and French Zones as well as in the three Western Zones together.

Dr. Schumacher accused the Christian Democrats of identifying the interests of the people with those of the property owners and capitalists. He alleged that the Christian Democrats have used such slogans as "The hour of the Christian conscience has struck" to camouflage their defense of material interests. The talk of "a free economy," he stated, hides "the dictatorship of the rich" and "the anarchy of the robbers." In the long run, he said, democracy without socialism would be impossible in European countries.

Ollenhauer, on the other hand, emphasized the need "for that internal tolerance which will transform the Social Democratic Party into a real people's party." The "totalitarian efforts from the East," he stated, must be overcome not by a mere anti attitude but by "constructive measures" and by "co-operation."

The convention showed that the Party has liberated itself only in part from the "class struggle" ideology and of what has been called a "watered-down Marxism," although its anti-Communist and pro-Western attitude cannot be doubted. (CIP.)

Socialization and State Ownership

IN ORDER to prove that "socialization" is not identical with government ownership, the Christian Democratic Union of Northern Rhineland-Westphalia, British Zone of Germany, has introduced a bill for the socialization of the coal mines in the Ruhr. Its most outstanding features are the following:

1. Ownership of all coal mines, including those formerly owned by the government, is invested in a "public law corporation" named "Self-Administration Coal."

2. The same corporation becomes "trustee" for all other enterprises and assets owned by the coal mines, with the obligation of transforming them into independent enterprises within three years.

3. The Coal Council (Kohlenrat) is the legislative and supervisory organ, the board of directors the executive organ of the Self-Administration. No one may be a member of both bodies.

4. The Coal Council consists of thirty-four members, eight of whom represent the Regional Governments and the City Councils, ten the labor unions, seven management and supervisory personnel, one the coal trade, four the big consumers such as railroads, electricity works, the iron industry, etc., two the Government Mining Authority (which is in charge of supervising drilling, safety devices, etc.). These various groups submit lists of candidates containing three times as many as the number of representatives to which they are entitled. The government selects those which will serve on the council. To be qualified they must have at least five years' experience.

5. Members of the board of directors are elected by the Coal Council. The election requires confirmation by the government. (CIP.)

Eastern Germany "Emergency Committee"

IN THE SOVIET Zone of Germany the Catholic and Protestant Church authorities have formed an Emergency Committee (*Notgemeinschaft*) for common action on matters concerning the relationship between the Churches, on the one hand, and the Soviet Military Administration (SMA) and German authorities, on the other. The Emergency Committee is to function in a similar manner as the Joint Committee (*Arbeitsgemeinschaft*) which Cardinal von Preysing, for the Catholic Church, and Bishop O. Dibelius, for the Protestant Church, founded in Berlin more that a year ago and which has taken action especially in matters concerning education and the rights of the parents in the city of Berlin. (CIP.)

Mussolini's Will Criticizes Church for Opposing Fascism

BITTER COMPLAINTS about "the Church being allied to its most violent enemies" are featured in Chapter 9 of "Mussolini's Testament," now being serialized in the daily newspaper, *Il Messagero,* Rome. Mussolini dictated the Testament shortly before his death.

"The Catholic Church," the Italian dictator stated, "does not wish any other power to exist at Rome. The Church prefers weak opponents and strong friends. It is undoubtedly an advantage for the Church to have to fight an opponent who, basically, cannot frighten her and who permits her to have at her disposal arguments likely to revive the faith. The diplomacy of the Church is clever and subtle. But sometimes one can get into great trouble by being too clever. With the fall of fascism, the Catholic Church would find herself faced by enemies of all kinds, old and new ones. In that case the Church would see that she has helped to defeat a true and sincere defender."

Mussolini, in his Testament, claimed that he had always favored "liberty" for the Church. He stated that "every religion must be completely free to make propaganda for itself," and continued: "We have been the first and the only ones to give back to the Church its luster, its decorum, its liberty, and its authority." The Church, however, he complained, "gave the extraordinary spectacle of allying itself with its most violent enemies," i.e., the enemies of fascism. (CIP.)

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The Screen

The Girls Take Over

OUR heroines this week, no matter what else one may say about them, are certainly not run-of-the-mill. The central character in *"Johnnie Belinda"* is a mute and deaf girl who has long been neglected by her widower father until a new doctor in this small Nova Scotia community takes an interest in her and tries to give her a little book learning. Life takes on a new and pleasant aspect for Belinda, until one dreadful day when she learns the meaning of violence: she is raped by a town bully. But after her baby is born, her happiness is so great that she succeeds in forgetting this horrible episode—until the man returns to take the child. Defending the baby and herself, Belinda kills the man; and not being able to talk and explain the situation, she is tried for murder. When all this material was seen on the stage in Elmer Harris's play, it seemed pretty sensational, but the movie is so well done, under Jerry Wald's production, that one is more impressed with its reality than with its melodramatic qualities. Jean Negulesco's direction is excellent, and Ted McCord's good photography of both landscapes and interiors fits the story and themes perfectly. The lead rôle is, of course, a challenge to actors, and Jane Wyman's understanding performance fills all requirements. Without speaking a word, she plays Belinda with a happy combination of strength and sensitivity. And she is fortunately surrounded by a cast who portray the other characters in a subdued manner: Lew Ayres as the doctor, Charles Bickford as her father, Stephen McNally as the villain. In spite of its flashy story, "Johnnie Belinda" is a touching movie and is effective in putting over its love-thy-neighbor message.

"Apartment for Peggy," although it wallows in sticky sentiment at times, manages to get across another worthy message as it tells its downtrodden characters to live joyously in spite of fardels and such. Its heroine, nicely played by Jeanne Crain, is somewhat the screwball type, but she succeeds in cheering up a lot of unhappy people and even pulls herself through adversity when she has every right to be down. The two men whom Peggy works on most are her husband (William Holden), a veteran at the university who gets pretty gloomy every now and then about the lack of living facilities on the campus and about the prospects of a well-paying job as a future chemistry teacher; and a professor at the university (Edmund Gwenn), who feels that he has outlived his usefulness and has decided to commit suicide. The professor's "dead"line is March first, but Peggy, using an argument that suicide only puts an end to living and you have to be sure you're living, succeeds in teaching the professor to enjoy life by (you guessed it) taking in Peggy and her husband as roomers. Peggy and the professor finally teach the husband how to face things too, and everything ends as it should, but not until Director George Seaton (who also wrote the script from Faith Baldwin's story) takes us over the bumps and joys of university life today. All this is rather harmless and at times quite amusing if your preferences aren't for writers like Chekhov or Gogol.

"Julia Misbehaves," which stems in a long roundabout way from Margery Sharp's witty novel, "The Nutmeg Tree," is so obviously a vehicle for Greer Garson that you better be sure you're a Garson fan before you approach it. You'd better be sure of other things too, for in selling us Garson as a comedienne the picture works overtime in making Julia very, very naughty as well as funny. Actually, the story is not adaptable to the movies, and the five writers who worked on it must have been overwhelmed with its problems long before they were finished. Julia, divorced years ago from her wealthy and stuffy husband (Walter Pidgeon), becomes a giddy Miss Fixit in arranging a romance between her daughter and an artist (Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Lawford). Before she polishes this off and gets reunited with the rich Pidgeon, Julia has to lie her way through many an adventure; and the so-called comedy ranges from broad slapstick, when she joins a troupe of acrobats, to risqué bedroom stuff, when she cheats Nigel Bruce out of quite a sum of money. This picture may prove that Miss Garson can play comedy, but it doesn't do much else.

Since I was not too fond of *"One Touch of Venus"* when I saw it on the stage (even with Mary Martin) several years ago, I did not approach the movie too enthusiastically. Alas, the film is no great improvement. It has its nice flights of fancy in the story about a window trimmer (Robert Walker) who brings a statue of Venus to life and in a few of the musical scenes which are pleasantly done; but the whole seems to lack the imaginative touch that is necessary to put over such a slight tale. Ava Gardner is stunning as the live Venus, and the score's big hit, "Speak Low," is sung beautifully by her and Dick Haymes. However, the movie works so hard to shock its audience that long before it is finished you are sure that one touch of Venus is enough and four or five are too many. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Plowshares into Swords. Arthur P. Chew. Harper. $3.00.

RUN-OF-THE-MILL publicists and politicians should give place, in times like these, to men with ideas. To an economist like Mr. Chew for instance, who incidentally has been writing about American farm topics for the past quarter century.

Before I go farther, I hasten to say that this is unhappily not a blueprint for stopping Soviet Russia in her lumbering tracks. It is not aimed at the Kremlin at all and for a number of pages I had the feeling that it had little or nothing to do with the present international impasse. The author's concern is for the long pull. And, best of all, his approach to things is a reminder that getting rid of Stalin and the Politbureau would not bring an end to our major troubles.

The difficulty, as Mr. Chew sees it, is the increasing pressure of industrial nations on the world's restricted food resources. What does make his study politically apposite is that this pressure is now clearly visible in Western Europe, which is cut off from its principal food sources—those of predominantly agricultural Eastern Eu-

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rope—by the Iron Curtain. While none of the nations in the area will for years be in a position to react in recent Axis fashion to their fear of future food shortages, —designated as the greatest single cause of national aggressions,—their hard-pressed situation is directly related to further Russian aggression. If a balance between food and factory production is not achieved there and poverty and insecurity grow more chronic, the chances of successful Communist revolutions within the western nations become that much brighter. Hence Mr. Chew's scheme merits immediate and searching consideration in highest official and about-to-be-official circles.

Mr. Chew is not a neo-Malthusian of the Osborn or Vogt types. He devotes more attention to distributing to industrialized regions what foodstuffs are available in the world than to soil conservation or restriction of population. He is properly appreciative of conservation, extremely dubious as an economist about birth-control as a solution—demonstrating that a falling birthrate in an industrialized country such as England fatally diminishes export power and therefore the influx of food in exchange.

But his main concern is with the United States, one of the few consistent surplus food areas. He recognizes the validity of the idea of parity—that the American farmer should not have to sell his product cheap and buy tariff-protected manufactured products dear. Yet our trade policy between the two wars, making American produce out of reach in the world markets, did lend to tremendous food and fiber surpluses at home and increasing desperation on the part of the Axis have-nots. Mr. Chew's formula combines domestic parity prices with unpegged commodity prices on the marts of the world. He admits that the mechanics would be extensive and complicated and devotes considerable space to describing what they might be.

He is honest also to state that if foreign countries should buy the agricultural surpluses of which we are capable in "normal" times, they could pay only in their own manufactured goods. This would cut into the domestic market for our own factories, cost jobs etc., etc. Yet otherwise, in his view, war is inevitable.

There is no better stage for weighing these things than now, while sizable agricultural shipments still go out from American ports in connection with the Marshall Plan—largely on a gift basis. If Europe and the rest of us should, in God's Providence, get through this anxious time without another war, and European fields and factories begin to produce as they once did (except that they are cut off from their eastern granary), the United States will then have to inaugurate her new trade policy. And if we have vision we shall make American foodstuffs available on a somewhat permanent basis—and at a level considerable below the domestic parity price. Also we shall have to agree to accept great quantities of Europe's manufactured products.

The chances of embarking on such an orientation soon is problematical indeed. But perhaps we are more amenable to suggestion that heretofore. The United States will, however, never turn to the new extreme of "free trade" which the industrialization of the world now calls for unless we have a number of informative, widely read books like Mr. Chew's. EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

First Citizen. Richard Sullivan. Holt. $3.00.

IN KINGSLEY BOND, Richard Sullivan has succeeded in creating one of the best sort of fictional characters. Best, in the sense that Bond is an intensely real individual whom the reader comes to despise, and yet at the same time sympathize with. As a man, Bond is perhaps not one of the worst of fictional characters, but he is certainly below average.

Bond started by driving a grocery wagon in the little town of Baysweep. He moved on, through a succession of jobs, carrying from one to the next little more than a great ambition, and a very sincere respect for money and those who had it. To him, money was a substance endowed with sufficient power to always warrant spelling it with a capital "M."

But fate seemed perversely against him. Although he worked, sometimes with incredible energy, at anything which looked good, he improved his position but little. He married into one of the better families of Baysweep, after careful weighing of the pros and cons of the matter. He shined his shoes, wore neat clothes and called all the "big" men of town by name—and still remained in his rut.

And then fortune smiled. The first flicker of that smile came in an auto accident, in which Bond's eldest daughter was killed. By forcing his wife and remaining daughter to lie about the circumstances, Bond came into a good insurance settlement. From then on he lived on the principle that money gets money. What he had he used carefully to make more. Always his actions were seemingly aboveboard and honest. But, in actuality, as his public character grew and flourished, his personal character rotted even further. The climax of his life, in which he reaps the full harvest of what he has sown, comes in the one night which is related, together with many flashbacks, in *First Citizen.*

The construction of this story speaks well for Mr. Sullivan's ability as a writer. The flashbacks bolster, rather than disturb, the continuity. And he is able to do the usually disastrous trick of changing viewpoint from one character to another with little more than a momentary hitch in the reader's mind.

The success of this is due almost entirely to Mr. Sullivan's truly superb understanding of human beings. Almost immediately upon introduction, the reader finds himself drawn into and identifying himself with a new character. He finds something of himself in all of Mr. Sullivan's characters. For that reason, he can sympathize with Kingsley Bond, and at the same time loathe him.

In one way, *First Citizen* is perhaps a little too good. Mr. Sullivan can record emotional experiences with a disturbing accuracy that sometimes involves the reader a trifle too deeply for his own comfort. But such a fault is in itself a recommendation. And there is too much that is good in this novel to allow a little emotional faintheartedness to keep one from the fine reading experience it provides. JAMES O. FREDERICK.

The Mass in Slow Motion. Ronald Knox. Sheed. $2.50.

THERE is no doubt that anything Ronald Knox writes makes pleasant reading, even an occasional little book as this one. It was not meant to stand alongside Pius Parsch's excellent work on the Mass. Its chatty tone, its witty quips and its avowed subjectivism are just

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the thing the girls to whom it was delivered in the form of afternoon instructions would have enjoyed, as the readers of the London *Tablet* enjoyed it afterwards in the form of a weekly column. It reveals more of the lovable Monsignor than of the Mass, at least to people who are aware of the liturgical movement. It confesses that the author is no "liturgist" in so many words as also in the implicit admissions, as that he prefers Low Mass to High Mass, feels uneasy at the "terrific uniformity" (sic!) of the liturgy, is unaware of the tone meaning of the Kyrie and feels that giving Communion is "an interruption." Of course, especially in the light of the recent encyclical, he is right in stating that the Church does not oblige us to follow the Mass, e.g., with a Missal, but merely to be there. But why make an issue out of this when the valiant efforts of so many priests and sisters have just about accomplished to overcome the "minimalism" of the moralists and awakened the best men, women and youngsters to the awareness that it is better and more desirable that intelligent and loyal parishioners (whom two popes invited to participate in the apostolate of the Church) should at least intentionally draw as close as possible to the altar? Father Knox is an authority and statements such as this one, as correct as they are, are equally unnecessary in one man's opinion. The encyclical on the liturgy was a doctrinal document laying down the law, but this booklet is obviously an occasional crumb falling from the table of a rich man which will charm the taste of many.

To end on a pleasant note: on page 112 is a statement which our choirmasters and teachers should remember for its golden truth: "What you come to Mass for isn't to worship Jesus Christ present in the sacrament of the altar, that isn't Mass, that's Benediction." You come to Mass to offer Him to God, and yourself with Him! That is a good, plain and theologically correct statement. Will these blunt words have an effect on the choice of hymns, motets and prayers? Or will we go on teaching our little First Communion tots the wrong attitude, or rather a wrong timing of the right attitude? The Monsignor has hit on one of the fundamental difficulties which is a formidable road block in the path of the liturgical movement: the talking out of both sides of the mouth, so to speak, in our catechism classes, which are given a "liturgical tinge" with elaborate explanations of vestments, colors, seasons and texts on one side, but maintain at the same time the same attitude which was prevalent before Pius X and which made a means the end, namely: the sacrament that should serve mankind to give God due honors became the object of man's worship itself. As the Monsignor says: "That's Benediction" not Mass. Since the book contains many more valuable statements, the reservations made above in the name of the liturgical renewal are not meant to discourage you from reading it. Besides, it is such a readable little thing, that an attempt to do so would be a complete failure. Read it, but remember: read Pius Parsch's book afterwards. H. A. REINHOLD.

Devil Makes a Third. Douglas Fields Bailey. Dutton. $3.50.

THE DEVIL MAKES A THIRD is the story of Buck Bannon, a commandeering young man of force and shrewd intellect who, as the jacket blurb says, "rose to dominate one of the new cities which sprang up in the

SAINT PETER the APOSTLE

William Thomas Walsh

the author of

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

This modern biography of the Prince of Apostles and the Keeper of the Keys adds another outstanding work to the list of the author of OUR LADY OF FATIMA, PHILIP II, and SAINT TERESA OF AVILA. Mr. Walsh has collected all the scattered facts available and, with unparalleled skill, has presented us with a vivid and dramatic record, against a background as fresh as today, of the development of a simple but impetuous soul into the majestic saint who was to be called The Rock.

Many age-old mysteries about Saint Peter are probed and explained in this fine book: the motivation of his denials of his Lord, his friendship and disagreement with Saint Paul, his sorrowful decision to separate the Church from the Synagogue in which it was cradled and to which it owed so much. Through the eyes of Saint Peter we see unfold, as if for the first time, the sublime story of Christ. $3.50

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South at the turn of the century." Buck's progress from behind a plow to town magnate is pretty unrelenting, except for some wife trouble. All ends happily, however, with a new wife (the first one deserted him) and Buck the hero of a fire.

This is also a first novel and its interest can be said to end there, alas, for it is not a book the reading of which could lend any kind of profit. The style, in the literary sense, is non-existent and the approach is purely topographical, which means that the reader who likes to consider the heart of man will find no sustenance in this book. Nevertheless, one wouldn't contradict the rest of the blurb, which goes on: "Here is a warm, intense first novel of the new South, written by a vital young writer, whose roots are imbedded in the earthy vitality of small-town America." The author does have a nice faculty for harkening to the imagination of sight, smell and touch. The dialogue, though dull, is no doubt authentic, and Mr. Bailey bases his descriptions and much of his characterization upon what is obviously a real feeling for the land and people about which he writes. In spite of this it is an unsatisfactory and unstimulating work because the writing does not emanate from any clear fount of artistic reflection.

Mr. Bailey has had a varied career owning and editing newspapers, starting insurance agencies, running taxicab companies, and selling stories to magazines. As far as writing goes, it seems to me a newspaper would be his best bet, for he certainly has a storyteller's talent, but it is not yet regulated to literary form.

VIRGINIA BENNETT.

Wobbly. Ralph Chaplin. University of Chicago. $5.00.

RALPH CHAPLIN'S reminiscences of a lifetime spent crusading for labor reveal many of the reasons why the Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) never realized their dream of one big union. His chronicle underscores a basic flaw in American labor's development: the lack of a sound philosophy of labor.

The Wobblies idealized the workingman, yet because so many of their leaders were non-religious they could not develop more than a humanitarian theory of labor. They used Marxist terminology, vigorously fought the class war, preferred direct action, general strikes, and sought ultimately to bring industry under the control of labor, rather than of the state. In this last, they clashed with the doctrinaire Marxists.

It has been said of the Wobblies that they suffered more persecution than any other union. This is borne out by Chaplin's account of hasty, unfair trials, arrests without warrant, confinement without conviction.

Nearest realization to the Wobbly dream is the CIO—an industrial union with a place for every worker. The Wobbly insistence on organization of all "working stiffs" put to shame the aristocratic choosiness of the AFL.

The IWW espoused forlorn causes the AFL spurned, and for their zeal many Wobblies paid with their lives.

Born in Chicago a year after Haymarket, Chaplin was by livelihood a commercial artist. He became a labor organizer, pamphleteer, cartoonist, poet, song writer. For opposing World War I he went to Leavenworth. He hailed the October Revolution and saw his friend Bill Haywood and others go off to the promised land to disappear or die as disillusioned exiles. Chaplin reluctantly accepted a probationary card in the Communist Party, attended one secret conference and fled it with disgust to enjoy the free air of Wobbly headquarters in Chicago.

With bitterness he describes the Communist invasion of the labor movement after World War I. Yet while he fought the Communists as an AFL editor in Seattle, he was eyed with suspicion and contempt by Teamster Boss Dan Tobin because he was no yes-man and collected only $50 a week for his work.

Unorganized labor's grievances and police violence started Chaplin's crusade. Blessed with an understanding wife, he persevered in battle, his fortunes more than once plummeting to the poverty level. He could have compromised often, notably when some Wobblies did, to avoid Leavenworth. But he stood firm and always returned to the fray.

It may be the mellowness of years that tones down his narration of a conflict-crowded career. Disdaining the hate-filled language of the *Daily Worker,* he records with surprising calmness the brutal violence of a period when police violence was the standard specific for labor organization.

Withal, he preserved a sense of humor, and has the engaging modesty to confess to a poor speech, a failure to win the day.

His references to Catholics are all friendly and favorable, yet he appears not to have heard of the social encyclicals. In Leavenworth, at the instance of a Catholic prisoner, he painted a creditable picture of the Sacred Heart for the Catholic chapel. Now he has joined a Congregationalist church.

The book's historical value would have been enhanced by more regard for dates and background of the many strikes in which Chaplin took part or reported.

NORMAN C. MCKENNA.

Report on the Greeks. Frank Smothers, William Hardy McNeill, Elizabeth Darbishire McNeill. The Twentieth Century Fund. $2.50.

THE Twentieth Century Fund, founded in 1919 by the late Edward A. Filene, is a private foundation for research on current economic questions. Several months before the announcement of the "Truman Doctrine," the trustees decided to send a "team" of investigators in order to study the living conditions in Greece and to develop their opinions as to what the United States might do in the little Balkan country. Frank Smothers, editorial writer of the Chicago *Sun;* William H. McNeill, former assistant military attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Athens, and Elisabeth Darbishire McNeill, who lived in Greece during her childhood and served for a time with the U.S. Information Service in Athens, for an extensive research.

This able trio has written an eyewitness report that is published on unusually fine paper, in beautiful print, and with the addition of some excellent photographs. The text is very informative, but in no wise sensational, and in some respects already a little outdated. About most questions the authors agree with each other, but on some political questions Mr. Smothers and Mr. McNeill are in basic disagreement and have stated so plainly in two dozen polemical footnotes and counter-footnotes which are thought-provoking fun. They make much better reading than the usual lengthy "minority report."

The authors have stressed the poverty of the Greek

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population, the village as the basis of Greek life, the power of the ancient customs and, last but not least, the fact that the monarchy is not deeply rooted in the Greek soil and that the constitution has frequently been disregarded. They give special attention to the overpopulation of the tiny country which may be solved once more, but only in a temporary way, "by famine, pestilence and war," while it should be solved on a large scale by irrigation and other planning that will provide a permanent rising production. But to achieve this, Greece has to enjoy internal and international peace, while it is now in a state of civil war and with Berlin a focus of the East-West struggle. MAX FISCHER.

Dixie Raider. Murray Morgan. Dutton. $4.00.

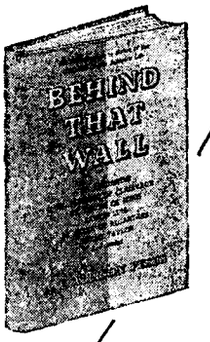
IF YOU want to go on a long salt walter cruise, this is your book. Although the *Alabama* and the *Florida,* the other two well-known Confederate raiders were destroyed during the war, the *Shenandoah* put in at Liverpool on November 6, 1865, after having learned on August 2 that the war was over. The cruise that she made between October, 1864, and November, 1865, was easily one of the most spectacular in history. Built as a British ship, the *Sea King,* the *Shenandoah* was commissioned on the high seas off the northwest coast of Africa. Seizing ships with United States registry, she went southward around Africa and on to Melbourne, Australia. From there, Captain Waddell sailed up the east coast of Asia to Bering Sea. Union ships engaged in the whaling industry were destroyed. Then the ship sailed southward along the west coast of North and South America, went around Cape Horn, and turned northward to Liverpool.

She made thirty-eight captures and destroyed thirty-two of the ships taken. She visited every ocean except the Antarctic. She was at sea for thirteen months and ran a distance of 58,000 statute miles. During the long trip from Bering Sea to Liverpool she was not in sight of land at any time. When the ship reached Liverpool the authorities turned the ship over to the American consul, but the men were not held. The culpability of the English government for some of the damage done by the *Shenandoah* is well discussed in one of the concluding chapters. Through each of the chapters there is a spirit of understanding for the objectives of the officers and crew concerned. Much material written by those associated directly and indirectly with the voyage has been used. The entire affair has been reconstructed on the basis of the reports made at the time. The undertaking was certainly heroic, even though it made no appreciable impression upon the outcome of the war. The ship and its crew deserved this revealing book about them.

PAUL KINIERY.

Journeying Through Mexico. MacKinley Helm. Little. $3.00.

WHAT principally impressed me in this latest of Mexican guidebooks is the pleasure that its composition evidently gave the author. Vera Cruz and its dreariness is a good gauge for enthusiasm. Mr. Helm passes over Vera Crucian smells, the sticky heat and general decay and, while admitting that its hotels are open to criticism, he concentrates on the unforeseen excellence of the dinners he was astute enough to order—not at a hotel—on the Plaza. It is such little secrets that he



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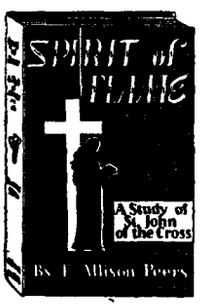

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Edward S. Skillin, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946, section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1948.
WARREN W. CONRAD.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

delights to pass on to his readers. His book is really more a friendly commentary on an official guidebook, but can hardly take its place; his descriptive passages are too cursory to be satisfying and his lists of hotels too informal. There is a place for detailed books of travel and for guidebooks in the traditional Baedeker format, succinct and comprehensive, but, unless such itinerant advice as Mr. Helm's is published in pocket-book size, it strikes me as impractical impedimenta to a traveler. That fault, however, must be marked up against the publisher. The author suggests that his book is smaller than a burro for a companion and doesn't have to be fed!

The best section is *The Colonial Cities of the Meridian* where Mr. Helm's special affection for a small hill town, San Miguel de Allende, gives it felicitous prominence. Unlike many modern travelers, he does not confine his enthusiasm to pre-Columbian art and is cautious to avoid comment on Church or State. Two omissions, however, struck me. There is no mention of the statue in the Zocal in Mexico City, respected by all Revolutionaries with the inscription: "Stranger, if you love virtue, stop and venerate. This is Fray Bartolomeo de las Casas, Father of the Indians." And although some space is given to the lacquer ware of Michoacan, no credit is given to Bishop de Quiroga, who organized and preserved the Tarascan Indian handicrafts in the Seventeenth Century.

Two intelligent features are a résumé of Mexican history and colonial architecture and some advice as to a wardrobe, with a warning to the ladies that slacks and shorts are bad taste in Mexico City. Of one thing I am certain; that the Helms and their dogs would be delightful companions on any motor trip anywhere.

E. V. R. WYATT.

The Deer Cry. William G. Schofield. Longmans. $3.00.

THIS is a fictionized life of Saint Patrick, something really special; and—the Irish trade being what it is—it may, of course, catch the eye of Hollywood. So let's be properly respectful.

Out of proper respect, then, I shall refrain from saying that the author lacks the refinement of understanding that Old Irish history would seem to call for. Instead I shall say, what is equally true, that never since the patriotic romances of Charles Kickham have I come across a book like this. It's colorful. It's bold. It has the dash and vigor, and much of the fine subtlety, of a Western thriller told in a Glories-of-Erin accent.

DAVID MARSHALL.

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